

C-Murder, Betta Watch Me

Intro: Wake Up, Wake Up, Wake UP
Man I hit the set, and them bays be gettin' ghost(Yeah)
Huh,(Yeah) They spookin'(Yeah)
It's cool, Fuck the day dog(Yeah)

Chorus 2x:
You betta watch me
Cause I'm doin' bad
Cause I'm hurtin', I gotta get me
Now where the goods at
Playboy give me that
And if them goods bad
I'll make ya lean back

Verse 1(C-Murder):

See my pockets on E-fall
I'm really tweekin'
I can't be sittin' up here hurtin' all weekend
I keep on fallin' off, at the worse times
And if I slip, it aint my fault I'm gone reverse mine
My pain, I'm gone merge mines
Cause I'm sick wit it
Now where them balla's at
I'm lookin' for the big ticket
10 minutes from losin' it
1 day from lock up
The way I'm livin' sooner or lata I'm gone be boxed up
Nobody trustin' me
They know I'm commin'
I hit the block and I swear
I see them cowards runnin'
Puttin' they stash up
Even out they windows
Now why they trippin'
"m the exact opposite of 5-0
It's called Survival of the Fittest
I can't help it, cause I'm wit
And you ain't wit
I come to get it, Yeah I did it
I did that
I can't take that back
So beat yo feet black
Oh, y'all gone remember me
Cause me ain't no joke
Me do what me does
Cause ain't no being broke
I was raised in this
I ain't ask for this
I tried changin' my life
And now it's back to this
Somebody pray for me
The Lord is testin' me
But them people they gone
Have problems arrestin' me
Now my lungs hurtin'
Need that black vest
Man, I feel like Jackin' one of these Rappers

(Chorus 2x)

Verse 2 (Fiend):

We'll score a team with the Fellon's
Wher y'all did the Misdameanors
Niggas my age was pushin' Beamers (Pushin' Beamers)
Niggas that sprayed was usin' Nina's (Usin' Nina's)
A-K's and S-K, ya chest cave
Ya neck shaved and ya waves turned to still water
Bullet on fire, wreck some money still daughters
Kill fathers, pop a seed in ya momma(Momma)
This routine, you pussies start ya new thing
I'm from the city where everythang crooked
When the right kind of money, make the judge overlook it
And I'm skewed up
I ain't talkin' Swisha House
For I learned to tie my shoes up
I was burnin' dudes up
My ward verse yo ward, Put them 22's up
These 26's make ya, Put them 22's up
This mac 9, it mean I ain't givin' you(Fuck That)
But bullets in that shiney new truck
What ya know about fightin for 5 days
Hangin' niggas upside down
Commin' at ya sideways(Sideways)
A crooked H is goin' 67/5
And I add them 3 quarters
For the ride plus I'm high

(Chorus 2x)

Verse 3(Popeye):